THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

VOL. IX.] *Saturday, October* 21,....1809. [NO. 26.

TRAGICAL EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

DURING the civil wars of Geneva, an Italian, named Grimaldi, flew to Pisa. Money was the only object in the universe that could boast of his regard or friendship. He maintained that it was right to pursue fortune in any way, and to purchase it at any price whatever; and that people need be ashamed only of those means which happen to fail. It was a common saying of his, that those who have plenty of money, are troubled with few qualms of conscience.

Such principles could not fail to lead him into the high road of wealth. He began at a very early age to lay the foundation of his fortune, and even in his youth he acquired the appellation of miser. With the talent of obtaining riches, he united the much more rare qualification of keeping them. He lived quite alone, having neither dog nor cat in his house, because he would have been obliged to maintain them. For the same reason he kept no servant, as he had then no wages to pay. He was at the same time in continued fear of being robbed; and theft and robbery were in his opinion crimes of a far deeper dye than murder or parricide. He was the object of universal hatred and contempt, but when he had received an affront, he went home, and a look of his beloved hoard afforded abundant consolation.

The frugality of his repasts, and the wretchedness of his attire, did not deceive the public in respect to his circumstances. These expedients of misers seldom answer the purpose for which they were designed. The cloak of indulgence, under which they hope to conceal their wealth, often serves only to give others a higher opinion of their riches, and their apparent penury becomes a sign that is hung out to invite thieves to enter.

One evening, when he had supped in company, but not at home, as may easily be imagined, he set out alone, and at a very late hour, to return to his habitation. By the way he was attacked by one of those lurking assassins, formerly so numerous in the cities of Italy. Grimaldi's bosom was pierced by a dagger, but he had still strength

sufficient to escape from the murderer by flight. At this moment a tremendous storm came on. Exhausted by his wound, and overcome by terror and the inclemency of the weather, Grimaldi entered a goldsmith's shop, which chanced to be still open. Fazio's efforts, like Grimaldi's, were directed to the acquisition of wealth, but he pursued a much more precarious way than usury. He was engaged in seeking the philosopher's stone This evening he was making a great experiment, and had left his shop open, on purpose to moderate the heat proceeding from the furnace.

With hasty step Grimaldi entered. Fazio, the goldsmith, knew him, and asked what brought him out so late, and in such unfavourable weathe . " Alas !" sighed Grimaldi, " I am wounded !" and instantly sunk into a chair, and expired.

The alarm of Fazio may be more easily conceived than described. He hastened to tear open Grimaldi's clothes, that he might breathe more freely, and tried all possible means to restore him to life, but in vain. Fazio then examined the body, and perceived that Grimaldi had received a wound in the breast. The wound had closed in such a manner, that the blood, unable to find a passage had suffocated the unfortunate Grimaldi.

This extraordinary circumstance threw Fazio into the utmost perplexity. All his neighbours were asleep, or had shut themselves up in their houses, on account of the tempestuous weather. He had nobody in his house but himself—his wife and two children having gone to his father s, whose death was hourly expected.

A bold idea suddenly rushed upon his mind, but under all the circumstances of the case, it appeared extremely easy of execution. He was sure that no one had seen Grimaldi enter his shop. The continuance of the storm took from every person all inclination to look out of the window. On the other hand, Fazio was aware, that if he made known Grimaldi's death, he should not himself escape suspicion. After maturely considering the affair, he shut up his shop, resolving to turn this adventure to his advantage, and in his love of transformation, to try whether he could not change bad luck into good, as he had before attempted to convert his lead into gold or silver.

Fazio either knew, or suspected, that Grimaldi was rich. He began to search his pockets, and found in them some money, together with a large bunch of keys. This, thought he, is evidently a dispensation of Heaven; the finger of Providence is plainly discernible in the event. That such a dreadful storm should take place to-night, that my shop should be

open so late, that Grimaldi should be wounded and expire in my chair, are circumstances which could not have happened but by its particular direction. He has no relation—perhaps not even a friend. One stranger is as good as another stranger, and Fazio may as well be his heir as any other person. Nay, in fact, I have perhaps the best right to his property. Had it not been for me he would have died in the street, and have been exposed to the rain the whole night. Who knows but what he came into my shop with the intention of making me his heir. His visit supplies the place of a will. I will inherit his property in silence; that will be the most prudent and the safest way. For were I to relate the whole affair to the magistrates, they would not believe me. Grimaldi's corpse is in my house; every body would look upon me as his murderer, and it would be impossible for me to prove my innocence. If I bury him without further ceremony, no suspicion can attach to me, because nobody knows any thing of the matter. And in truth it cannot be difficult to chuse between riches and the scaffold. I have at length found the philosopher's stone, which I have so long been in search of. I have found it without the help of fluxes, furnaces, or crucibles.

Providing himself with a dark lantern, he proceeded to the execution of his design. The rain descended in a deluge, the thunder rolled most awfully, but Fazio neither felt the one, nor heard the other. His whole soul was engaged with the thoughts of Grimaldi's treasures. He tried his keys, opened the door, and went forward into the apartment in which he lived. It was not large, but well secured, having many more locks than doors. It may be easily conceived what was the first object of his search. All the keys of the bunch were successively applied to the desk, and he almost began to despair of opening it; for it had four or five locks on the outside, exclusive of those within. At length he accomplished his purpose; he found a small box full of gold rings, bracelets, jewels, and other valuables, and near it four bags, on which he read with transport—*three thousand gold ducats.*

Trembling for joy, he seized the bags, but left the jewels untouched, as they might have betrayed him. This done, as he was a lover of order, he placed every thing in its former position, locked up every place as he found it, and returned home with his load without being met by a single creature. The first thing he did was to convey the bags to a place of safety, and the next to dispose of the body of the deceased. He lifted it with as much ease as a feather; for the mere touch of the bags of money had communicated to him a degree of strength at which he himself could not help

being astonished. He carried Grimaldi into his cellar, and dug a deep hole, in which he deposited him with all his keys and clothes. This grave he covered up with such care, that nobody could have discovered the least trace of what he had been doing.

Having accomplished this business, Fazio hastened to his room, not so much to count the money, as to feast himself with the sight of it. He found the number of pieces perfectly correct; not one was wanting; but he was dazzled with the magnitude of the sum. He first counted it, and then weighed it; his transports increased every moment. He conveyed the whole heap to a secret closet, burned the bags, and never took his eyes off them till they were consumed to the very last atom, on which he scattered the ashes in the air, for fear they even might betray him. At length he retired to rest, for he was greatly exhausted by his exertions and his joy.

Some days afterwards, as nothing was seen or heard of Grimaldi, the magistrates sent proper persons to break open his house, and his apartments. They were astonished to find no traces of the master, but they were still more surprised to discover no ready money.

Three months elapsed, and no tidings were heard of Grimaldi. As soon as Fazio remarked that his sudden disappearance ceased to be the subject of conversation, he began to drop obscure hints respecting his chemical discoveries. Some time afterwards he even began to give his acquaintance to understand that he had produced a bar of gold. They laughed at him to his face, knowing how often he had already been deceived in his operations. This time, however, Fazio steadily adhered to his assertion, prudently observing a certain gradation in his expressions of joy; and at length announced his intention of making a journey to France, to turn his bullion into money.

In order to secure himself the more completely from suspicion, he pretended to be in want of money for the journey, and accordingly borrowed one hundred florins on a farm which had not yet evaporated in the smoke of his alchemical researches. Half of this sum he kept himself, and gave the other to his wife, to whom he at the same time announced his departure. This intelligence made her tremble. She was afraid that it was the utter ruin of his circumstances that compelled Fazio to quit the country; she fancied that she should never see him again, and that she with her two children, forsaken by husband and father, would soon be reduced to extreme indigence. She begged, she conjured him to stay. She had recourse to every expedient, both to reproaches and tears.

She spoke with such warmth and affection, that Fazio, no longer proof against her intreaties, could not help communicating the secret which he had previously determined to keep locked within his own bosom as long as he lived. He took her by the hand, conducted her to his closet, related the affair with Grimaldi, and shewed her his money, adding—"Have you now any doubts respecting the reality of my bar of gold?"

The reader may conceive the transports of Valentina, the wife of Fazio. She threw herself into his arms, and her thanks and caresses were now as warm as her reproaches and objections had before been violent. Numberless plans of future happiness and splendour were formed, and immediate preparations made for the journey. On the day fixed for his departure, however, Valentina, who, as may easily be imagined, had been enjoined by Fazio to observe the profoundest secrecy, did not fail to make common cause with the whole family, and to oppose the journey as she had done before. She appeared the picture of despair; she lavished prayers and intreaties accompanied with floods of tears, while her heart was the abode of joy. Fazio was looked upon as a fool. The whole city made him the butt of their ridicule, and he in his turn laughed at the whole city.

While he was on the way to Marseilles, his wife, who remained at Pisa, continued to act the part she had assumed. She was continually talking of her poverty, though her husband had left her more than sufficient to support all her wants during his absence. Every body pitied her condition, while she had no other sorrow than what she thought necessary to affect.

Fazio exchanged his gold for good bills on opulent bankers of Pisa, on which he wrote to his wife that he had sold his bars, and was on his way home. This letter Valentina shewed to her relations, her acquaintance, and all who chose to read it. Every body was thrown into the utmost astonishment. Most still doubted of the reality of Fazio's good fortune, when he himself arrived at Pisa.

He appeared with an air of triumph, and related to all the world the success which had crowned all his chemical researches, not forgetting to add that his bars had been tried and proved to be genuine gold of the purest quality. These verbal testimonies of his luck he supported by irrefragable evidence, and received of his banker nine thousand gold dollars in hard cash. A proof of this kind silenced all doubts and objections. His story was related from house to house, and his profound knowledge in the mysterious science of the transformation of metals was

universally extolled. The same man, who a few months before had been declared a downright fool, was now exalted by the very same people to the rank of a philosopher; and Fazio enjoyed at the same time the two fold gratification of being honoured for his wealth and his learning.

He had now no further occasion to conceal his opulence, and enjoyed it to his satisfaction. He discharged the mortgages upon his farm, purchased a title at Rome, in order to unite rank with riches, bought a magnificent house, and a couple of villas, and placed the remainder of his money in the hands of a rich merchant at an interest of ten per cent.

He now kept two men servants, two maids, and according to the custom of the age, two saddle-horses, one for his own use and the other for his wife. Thus both enjoyed the pleasure of knowing that they were rich—a pleasure which is far more keenly relished by those who have before languished in indigence. Valentina, who was now much too fine a lady to superintend her domestic concerns herself, took into her house, with the consent of her husband, an old and very ugly female relation, together with her daughter, who was young and handsome.

Fazio, in order to live in every respect on the footing of a gentleman (the *bon ton* of Pisa being probably at that time the same which now-a-days prevails in many other large cities) now resolved to keep a mistress. He cast his eyes on the daughter of his wife's old relation, who, as we have already observed, was very handsome. Adelaide was just in the age of love and coquetry, when one of these is more than sufficient to lead a young female into folly. She lent a willing ear to Fazio, and the connexion between them soon became so intimate, that he embroiled himself with his wife. Before Valentina had discovered or obtained positive proofs of his infidelity, Fazio had squandered a considerable sum upon his beloved Adelaide.

Valentina was very jealous of her rights, and she was vexed to see them in the hands of another. The seeds of discord were sown between them. Valentina naturally grew peevish, and Adelaide saucy. One day they had such a violent quarrel, that Valentina turned the old housekeeper and her daughter out of doors. Fazio, on his return home, was highly indignant at this usage, which only served to strengthen his passion for Adelaide, for whom he hired a convenient lodging. Valentina, who was naturally of a very violent temper, could no longer restrain her rage.

Fazio, having in vain tried all possible means to pacify or to deceive her, repaired to his country-house, and sent for Adelaide thi-

ther. On the receipt of this intelligence Valentina, who, in the explosions of her jealousy was more like a fury than a woman, conceived the most atrocious design. Without reflecting on the fatal consequences with which such a step would infallibly be attended, she resolved to accuse her husband before the magistrates, as the murderer of Grimaldi. This horrible idea she immediately put in execution, and Fazio, who was enjoying delicious moments with his mistress, little dreamt of the storm which was gathering over his head.

The magistrates having examined the deponent respecting all the circumstances of the case, sent people to dig in Fazio's cellar. The relics of Grimaldi were found and the wretched Fazio was torn from Adelaid's arms, to be conveyed to prison. He at first denied every thing, but upon being confronted with his wife, who was produced as his accuser, he exclaimed, "Wretch, had I loved you less, you would not have known my secret; out of affection for you I was weak, and you have brought me to this situation." The torture, so dangerous to persons unjustly accused, extorted from Fazio a confession of all that he had done, as well as of what he had not done. He acknowledged that he had murdered Grimaldi, though he was perfectly innocent of the crime; the sentence passed upon him was, that his property should be confiscated, and himself publicly executed.

Valentina, as soon as she was dismissed, returned to her house, and was not a little surprized to find it occupied by the officers of justice, who had even driven her children out of their home. This new misfortune was sufficient to plunge her into despair. Her heart was already wrung with remorse; for as soon as her revenge was gratified, her eyes were opened, she saw all the indiscreet precipitation of her conduct, and was sensible of the abyss of misery in which she had involved herself. Her soul was racked with anguish and remorse. She ran about with dishevelled hair, and in a state bordering on distraction, implored the judges to set at liberty her husband, whom she had herself delivered over to the axe of the executioner. The sight of her children but augmented the agony of her conscience.

This melancholy affair was the subject of general conversation. Valentina, abhorred by herself, enjoyed not even the consolation of exciting pity. She was hated and avoided like a ravenous beast, both by relatives and acquaintance.

Fazio meanwhile fell a victim to the cruel destiny she had prepared for him. He was conducted through the principal streets to the place of execution. He mounted the scaffold with great fortitude, protested his innocence, and

cursed the jealousy of his wife. The sentence of the law was executed, and his body, as is usual in such cases, was exhibited on the scaffold to the populace. Rage and despair had meanwhile inspired Valentina with the most horrible of all deeds. Taking her two children by the hand, she drew them hastily along to the place of execution. She rushed through the crowd, who gave way for her, and loaded her with execrations.

But Valentina heard them not. She reached the foot of the scaffold. With her children she ascended the fatal steps, as if for the purpose of once more embracing the corpse of her husband. Valentina led her children close to the bleeding body, and commanded them to embrace their dead father. At this sight, and at the cries of the wretched children, all the spectators melted into tears. But the maddened mother, having suddenly pierced the bosom of one with a dagger, rushed upon the other, and extended him lifeless beside his brother. A general cry of horror rent the air. The people hastened to secure her; but she had already stabbed herself with the same weapon, and sunk lifeless on the bodies of her husband and children.

The sight of the two murdered children, and of the mother swimming in her blood, filled the bosoms of the spectators with mingled sentiments of pity and abhorrence. Astonishment and dejection took possession of the minds of all the inhabitants of Pisa; and the whole city wore the appearance of some general public calamity. They traversed the streets in gloomy silence; and fresh crowds were continually thronging to the scaffold, where the blood of the innocent children was mingled with that of the unhappy parents. Even the most obdurate hearts were not proof against the rising emotions of compassion.

The judges, moved with pity, permitted the family to inter the bodies of the parents out of the city. The two children were buried in the church of St. Catherine. The tradition of this melancholy catastrophe has been preserved to this day at Pisa, where the unhappy sufferers are still spoken of with sympathy.

THE JUVENILE PREACHER.

"*She hath cast down many wounded: yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.*"

Hear, you who are tempted to stray in devious paths of forbidden pleasure, hear the language of the sage *Solomon*; and listen not to her syren voice, and "go not after her," for "*her house is the way to*

hell." "Those that go in, return no more; neither take they hold of the path of life." And Solomon was well qualified to deliver a correct opinion of this vice, the illicit indulgence of a passion given us for a noble purpose, the perpetuation of our species; for he had been its rounds, had tasted all its tumultuous pleasures, and felt many of its poignant pains.

Fashionable as this vice may be, and as many bold and boisterous advocates as it may have, I shall not hesitate to "shew mine opinion" concerning it. And wer I asked what vice was the most destructive of individual happiness, poisoning the streams of pleasure and corrupting and degrading the mind, I should most unhesitatingly answer, that it was *Debauchery*. It is a land of dismal darkness—comparable to a lion's den, into which many enter, but few return. Here has been lost many a youth, whose noble mind, whose virtuous principles, whose sacred regard to honour and integrity, seemed to have marked him as a fair candidate for worthy and exalted stations, for happiness, and usefulness.

See yonder dissolute and despicable wretch!—A few months since, and roseate beauty encrimsoned his cheek, while health blushed in his countenance, and visited every part of his manly form with streams of pleasure. Intelligence, divine essence, beamed from his eye, and crowned his brow with the dignity of an immortal. His step, how firm and elastic; his gestures, O how graceful. The silence of his lips was instructive; but when he opened them, they breathed forth the strains of heavenly eloquence, and pure instruction. His remarks were those of truth and correctness, while the torch of fancy lighted his way to regions of sublimity. His discernment was acute, his perceptions rapid, his discrimination nice. In his breast resided purity, peace, and delicate pleasure. All within was calm as the summer evening, mild as the rays of Vesper. The breezes which agitated his soul, and inspired his heart to virtue, were gentle as the softest whispers of Zephyrus. And the mild lustre of his mind shed its selectest influence on every object with which he was surrounded. He cast his eyes around, surveying terrestrious objects, and was charmed with their beauty and regularity; and beholding the sun, robed in splendid glory, the fair moon, shedding modest light, and the ten thousand twinkling gems which bespangle the aerial canopy, he involuntary bowed himself, inspired by devotion, and worshipped in the spacious temple of the Almighty, who created and presides over all; his soul adored his majesty, his power, his goodness; and he exclaimed with heavenly-inspired rapture,

These are thy glorious works, parent of good;

Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how
wondrous then."

A love of knowledge glowed in his mind; and heaven, earth and seas, spread their vast volumes before him. But not satisfied with exploring inanimate and irrational nature, he turned his researches to man, traced the operations of his capricious mind, and judged of the characters of men, not from the ostentatious glare of outward show, but from the more hidden motives which produced their actions. He dove into his own bosom, and drew refreshing draughts from his own well; and found in his mind a fountain of delight. And circles of beloved friends smiled around him, charmed with the purity of his heart, the intelligence of his conversation, and tender sensibilities of his soul. To him the portals of friendship's temple were opened, and he entered a welcome guest.—He was happy, for he was INNOCENT.

But view him now! Mark well the contrast! My God! and is it he? and if it be he—But, oh

"How art thou lost, how on a sudden
lost,
Defac'd, deform'd, and now to infamy
devote."

He rises from the bed of unlawful love, O how changed! He comes from the stew, not the former angel of light, but a demon of hell! The rose, offended at his guilt, has fled with disgust from his cheek, polluted by the sickening kisses of prostitution. The streams of health are dried; and, instead of the manly and graceful movements, he totters along like the wind-shaken leaf. The fire and lustre of his eye are extinguished, and succeeded by the dastardly look of conscious meanness. The divine melody, and pure language of his lips, are exchanged for discordant sounds, and vulgar and obscene language. The light of brilliant fancy is put out; the mind's eye is bedimed; the heart is corrupted, debased, sunk in infamy. No longer have the paths of knowledge and science any attractions for him. The poison of sensuality has benumbed every intellectual power, checked every soaring faculty. No more does he catch celestial fire from the sun, or kindle at the stars. All the glories and beauties of nature, he beholds with the unfeeling indifference of the brutal creation. His heart, where Virtue once had her throne, and waved her olive sceptre, which once melted in sympathy for the tale of sorrow, glowed with generous indignation at the relation of oppression and cruelty, and felt sincere pleasure at acts of magnanimity and benevolence, is now insusceptible of any noble sentiment or feeling. The demon of infamy has usurped the throne of innocence, and reigns with malicious triumph. Instead of the smiles of friendship, he meets with the cold rebukes of deserved contempt. He flies from

the society of the good and virtuous, for their presence reproaches him with his guilty dereliction from the paths of purity.

Such is his situation. Without are shame. scorn, reproaches, and contempt. Within are guilt, remorse, confusion, and darkness, which may be sadly felt. The clouds of ignominy and contempt to him are infinitely more dreadful when he remembers in what splendour his morning sun arose; his degradation seems infinitely more insupportable, when he recollects from what eminence of virtue and happiness he has plunged into the abyss of vice and misery. Where shall he seek for happiness? Without is none; and within the lashes of conscience goad him to despair. He seeks relief in a repetition of the crime. Miserable remedy! Awaking from the delusion, he finds that reflexion is more painful than before. In the paroxysm of his anguish, he wishes that behind the impenetrable covering of annihilation, he could forever hide himself from the world, from the bitter reproaches of his own conscience, and from the all-seeing eye of his offended JUDGE.

But vain wish!—Polluted as his soul is, it must still exist. But with what plausibility can a libertine hope for future happiness? How can he, base as he is, think of being admitted to a paradise, where all is pure, all is chaste all is holy? No, could he be admitted among the holy throngs of intellectuals, to him it would be the deepest misery. Every extatic expression of holy joy would pierce his soul with a thousand darts. The society of infernal demons is more congenial to his vitiated soul.

Are these then, oh unsainted lust, thy triumphs? Are these the laurels with which thou crownest thy votaries? Poor deluded creatures! at once the pity and scorn of the wise and virtuous.

My young friends, will you forego every virtuous and noble pleasure, degrade yourselves beneath the reptiles which grovel on the earth, and expose yourselves to everlasting infamy and misery, for the miserable and low gratification of sensual appetites? Do you prefer the nauseous smiles of a vile prostitute to the approbation of your Maker, your own bosom, and the virtuous?—No, I answer for you—for I know that your ingenuous feelings revolt from the picture. Disdain then to stoop to such baseness. Fly from the temptations of debauchery, remembering, the house of prostitution, "*is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.*"

Farm. Mus.

He who incessantly laughs in the street, you may commonly hear grumbling in his closet.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

MR. EDITOR.

Allow me, through the medium of this publication, to offer a public answer to a private request. The partial approbation of a few friends, and the success which has in some measure attended my literary efforts, induced one of those friends to request me to write on the political state of affairs in this country; it is on that occasion that I here decidedly aver my sentiments. In the first place, I am perfectly aware that I do not possess talents equal to the support of a subject so abstruse and intricate as that of the politics of any government or nation whatever.—In the second, I consider it as unbecoming the feminine character to interfere in matters so totally beyond their sphere or limit of action, even were they possessed of the abilities of the able, and ever-to-be-regretted WASHINGTON. It is a subject which amongst men oftener creates enemies than it does friends, and on which (even amidst the circle of my nearest connexions in my own country) I never presumed to offer my opinion; far less would I here ("a stranger and a sojourner in a foreign land,") take upon me to expatiate on a subject of which I am so incompetent to judge of. I know that my opinions coincide with those who are my best and kindest friends, and I know also that those sentiments are firm and unalterable, and that very reason of itself should bind me to silence. Why, by an ostentatious display of talents (if I even possessed them) should I create enmity from those who might otherwise be my friends? and whose, or what friendship I may in future need, who shall say? As an Englishwoman, I am proud of my country—and I affirm with sincerity, that I have the interests of America as sincerely at heart, and my first wish is to see the two countries united in the bonds of peace and amity—but this is all that I will allow myself to acknowledge, for however great my detestation of the measures of Bonaparte, I should consider it infinitely more to my credit to write a panegyric on his soi-disant Emperor of Broadway, than all (which as a female) I could possibly urge in a political style against the tyrannical usurper of France's diadem. Let these sentiments be my apology to those friends who so partially overrate my abilities, to whose kindness and attention I am indebted for many comforts, and to whose disinterested friendship I look forward for support and patronage to the future exertions of

JULIA FRANCESCA.

Poverty is obscure, and those that have little, may go and come without noise.

At the conclusion of every volume of the Miscellany, it has been customary for the Editor to mention it, and return thanks (all he can proffer) for the favours he has received. The very great help I have received in the *poetic* department, obtains my hearty acknowledgments. My inestimable correspondent, JULIA FRANCESCA, has, in her usual style of elegance, contributed largely. EVELINA, the chaste Evelina, has surpassed my expectations; she has attained the summit of Parnassus. CHEVIOT, though "love's delirium rages," maintains his usual display of numbers; perhaps by wooing the Muses with more constancy, "the proud *Eliza*" may relent; his touch must banish discord! Others have contributed their "mite," and with some ability.

The *Prose* department, I am sorry to say, has not been so well furnished. With one or two exceptions, the sound logical and interesting essays of O. W. are all that have been communicated; for which Mr. O. W. will receive my unfeigned thanks. Well written effusions are respectfully solicited. For communicated selections, of which I have received a great number, I feel indebted.

It may be here necessary to mention, that I had disposed of the establishment; but from some unknown cause, the purchaser has declined to fulfill his agreement. The reason of my disposing of it was this, and it ought to be known, that the receipts of the paper at present is not, of itself, a *sufficient* support for an individual. The present proprietor has in consequence been engaged in other pursuits, and perhaps too deeply, to give that attention to the establishment which he otherwise could have wished. As the subscriber will, in all probability, continue to be the proprietor, it remains with the patronage of a liberal and enlightened people to make this or not my sole employment.

For the patronage I have received, I feel grateful, and must, with due deferrence, solicit a continuance of it.

The numbers of the Miscellany will in future be adorned with a *yellow* cover, on which will be inserted advertisements. The proprietor earnestly solicits advertising custom, as only through that means, he is enabled to afford the covering.

E. WHITELY.

My city patrons will be waited on in the course of the ensuing week, when I confidently hope my small demands will receive attention. Those of my distant friends, who are in arrears, will please forward the amount as soon as possible. Where there are agents, their receipts will be sufficient for any monies paid them on my account.

E. W.

Fatal accident.

At the regimental muster at Lyndon, on Monday, the 22d of September, as Mr. William Pearl, Jun. was riding in a crowd, soon after his dismissal, he accidentally received a fatal wound in his right eye, from a bayonet which one of the foot companies was carrying on his gun. He immediately fell from his horse, and was taken up and examined by the physicians, who discovered that the wound was mortal—the bayonet having pierced his brain. He remained wholly senseless, until 4 o'clock the next morning, when he expired.

MARRIED,

On Sunday last, by the rev. Mr. Kittle, Mr. Tyler Dibblee, to Miss Frances Wilson, daughter of Judge Wilson, of Clermont.

On Wednesday evening, the 11th inst. by the rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. Isaac W. Stuats, of Albany, to Miss Jane Ann Crolius, daughter of John Crolius, Jun. of this city.

At Philadelphia, by the rev. Joseph Pilmore, William H. Webster, Comedian, to Miss Rebecca Miercken, of that city.

On Saturday last, by the rev. Mr. Feltus, Arthur Breese, Esq. of Utica, to Miss Ann Carpender of Brooklyn.

At Stratford, Conn. on Saturday last, by the rev. W. Stebbins, Mr. T. M. Rogers, of this city, to Miss Harriot Maria Walker, daughter of Robert Walker, Esq. of that place.

At Morrissina, by the rev. Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Robert W. Rutherford, son of John Rutherford, Esq. of New-Jersey, to Miss Sabina E. Morris, daughter of Lewis Morris, Esq. of South Carolina.

At Georgetown, on Tuesday evening the 10th instant, by the rev. Mr. Wiley, John R. Wilson, Esq. of this city, to Miss Harriet Balch, of that place.

On the 13th inst. by the rev. Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Jonathan B. Horton, of Mount Pleasant, Westchester county, to Widow Ann Secor, of Greenwich, Conn.

On Saturday evening, September 30th, by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. John G. Stewart, to Miss Mary Thorne, both of this city.

DIED,

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Elizabeth Haveland, wife of James Haveland, Sail-Maker.

At Fort Columbus, on the 10th inst. in the 24th year of his age, Lieut. James Chamoers, of the United States army.

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 42 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

The 18th chapter of St. Luke, to verse 8th, versified,

BY JULIA FRANCESCA.

Again he spake. "My parable attend,
"Faint not ye sons of man, faint not, but pray,"
Unceasing pray'r shall work its righteous end,
Then hear what his Almighty lips convey.

A judge there was who fear'd not God nor man,
And in that city dwelt a widow fair;
Oppress'd—revil'd—to him for aid she ran,
"Avenge," she cried, "oh judge my sad despair."

But ah! unjust, in vain to him she sues,
He from her turns with unattended ear,
And yet awhile as on her fate he'll muse,
Thus for *himself* he feels compunction's fear.

What though I fear not an Almighty God,
Nor heed of man the plaint, nor yet the pow'r;
Yet I'll avert this bitter chastening rod,
Least this lorn widow wearies every hour.

Thus spake the Lord! "hear what this Judge hath said,
And shall not God avenge his own elect,
Who night and day in suppliance bow the head,
And bend the knee to adore and to respect."

"I tell you that he shall avenge his own,"
(Hear and rejoice, for so the promise ran)
Yet at the awful coming of his son,
Shall he find faith amongst the sons of man?

For the Lady's Miscellany.

NO reproach from her lips did I hear,
Not a sigh did escape from her heart;
From her eye fell no glistening tear,
When from Ella I cruel did part.

Her sorrow was silent and sad,
All pale, cold, and wan, was her cheek,
She each rising emotion forbad,
And whisper'd her proud heart to break.

Yet dear was my Ella to me,
Ah! how could I madly believe
For a moment, that e'er she could be
Induc'd to delude or deceive?

Ah, why did I listen to aught
But the praises of Ella so dear?
Her mind was with excellence fraught,
Her heart it was firm and sincere.

It was Envy that poison'd her fame—
It was Malice confirm'd it for true;
I listen'd—I doubted—and came
Determin'd to bid her adieu!

The malice she spurn'd with disda in,
And scorn'd my suspicions to quell;
I still doubted—I fear'd—and with pain
I bad her forever—farewell!

A.

COMMUNICATED.

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From Godwin's Passaic Album.

ON PASSAIC.

The scenery around the deservedly celebrated Falls of Passaic is exceedingly romantic and picturesque, the torrent which rushes with such tremendous fury over the precipitous edges of the solid rock, dashing its dewy spray up to the heavens, the immense sheet of limped water, and the loudly reverberating echo of the falling stream, combined with countless objects of exquisite beauty and sublimity, spread in careless profusion on every side, cannot fail to impress sensations of awe, and enraptur'd elevation, on the mind of the reflecting naturalist, philosopher, or man of taste and feeling.

TRIUMPHANT Nature! here thou stand'st confess'd
In all thy charms; in all thy enchanting elegance and taste!
Here hath thy matchless pencil sketch'd a scene,
Rich in the fairest beauties that can adorn
A fertile, happy, and a smiling land.

Here simple, beautiful, sublimely grand,
Passaic's proud cataract thunders to the skies—

Frail man! approach, and here behold the vanity
Of all thy imitating efforts—If art should here dare to tread,
"'Tis with unsandel'd foot, printless, as if the place was sacred."

Columbia, hail! on thy wide expanded bosom,
Meek Nature still delights to form her chaste abode;
Disporting here in all her wild primeval elegance,
Around the bowers of peaceful plenty and prosperity.
Much favor'd country, may'st thou long enjoy
Blessings such as these—inestimably great—
While eastern nations, ruin'd by discord and by war,
Perish—may'st thou survive the lapse of time,
A powerful empire, and a happy land.

PEREGRINUS.

IMPROMPTU

On a lady, who expressed dissatisfaction at her height.

EXTEND thy height one single hair,
And thousands may with thee compare;
Reduce it but one single line,
And thousands like to thee may shine;
But as thou art, sweet maid, remain,
To rival, worlds will try in vain,
For nature form'd thee of the height
Which most will please and win the sight.

This world is a prison in every respect,
Its walls are the heavens in common,
The jailor is *sin*, the prisoners are *men*,
And the fetter that binds them is *woman*.

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